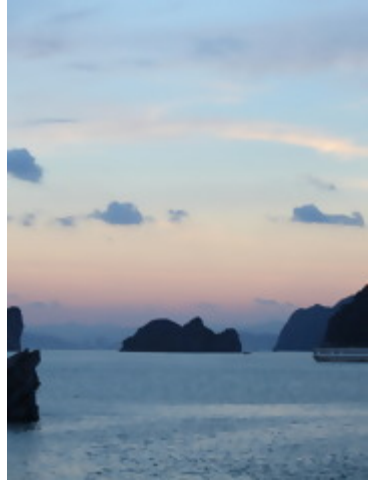

Bewitched by BoMin88

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Summary: Mike muses about moments shared with Eleven and re-adjusting to life after the events that took place during season one.

Bewitched

Hello, Bomin (博敏) here.

Thanks for coming here and reading my one-shoot. I have never actually been brave enough to publish any of my writing before, but I really wanted to share my perspective on the romance between Eleven and Mike. I just find them so adorable. Despite their youth, their love is so strong. Since this is my first time publishing anything on , my writing needs all the help it can get. Please help me to improve by reviewing my work. Constructive criticism is much appreciated. I do not own Stranger Things, but I adore the show. Have a great day!

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Most people claim it can be tough to look back and pinpoint that exact moment… That second when not-even-friends transitioned to a hand-clenching-your-stomach heart-punching-your-ribs glimmer in your eye, but despite his age, Mike knew. As he sat under the blanket fort where she used to sleep in his old, yellow sleeping bag, he clutched his walkie-talkie and silently begged to hear that staticky noise form into a voice. He needed to hear her.

Everyone except he and Will pretended as if nothing happened. Dustin and Lucas now had arcade games and Mad Max. Nancy had popularity and Steve. Neither of his parents even knew what had actually happened. Plus, even if they did, they wouldn't really understand. Adults always seemed to want to treat him and his friends like little children. Sure, they were young, but they had been through more than a lot of adults. Heck, Will had been to another dimension. He had thought about talking to Nancy, but she was busy with Steve and never seemed to care about him anymore. He was alone.

The only person who partially understood him was Will. Will admitted that he couldn't walk away from that sort of experience unscathed. Will seemed to accept that things weren't normal and they would never be again. Everyone else just seemed to want to forget what had happened. Heck, Dustin and Lucas barely even talked about

the Upside-Down and the week Will went missing. For everyone else, life had continued. There were classes, Ghostbusters, and games. Sure, Mike loved Ghostbusters, but every time he watched a new movie, he found himself thinking about how he would explain it to her… To El… To his El. He needs her here, alive and with him.

Grrr! And Max… Stupid, pushy Max. She was trying to join their party, but they didn't need her. They were already full. Accepting her would just be wrong. Mike wasn't sure why exactly, but befriending Max felt like ignoring El. She was trying to take El's place, and Lucas and Dustin seemed to want her to do so. He just had to make sure that didn't happen. Besides Eleven, their party just didn't need anymore girls. El was enough. El ***is*** more than enough. She's Star Wars, Ghostbusters, riding around the neighborhood on your bike, walking along the train tracks, Halloween, and a day of playing Dungeon and Dragons while eating candy and junk food. El is everything.

So many days had passed. 353 since he had last seen her, but Mike could recall that magical moment with technicolor clarity, when he realized that skinny, shaven headed stranger who struggled to spit out words was a girl. When her eyes had widened with shock, then glee on his Dad's La-Z-Boy recliner he had felt a tickling sensation in the pit of his stomach. When he had rushed upstairs to let her out of the closet and been greeted by doe brown eyes brimming with unshed tears and terror, his arms had itched to hold her. When she had pointed to a picture of his sister and muttered pretty and he had to bite his tongue from telling her that she was prettier. When she walked out in that pale pink dress, his jaw had dropped and his heart had stopped. That time his feelings had slipped out. That time he was brave and told her that she was pretty. She is… was so strong. Yet, he wanted to be brave for her. He wanted to kiss her. He had kissed her. He wished he could still kiss her. He just wants to hear her voice again. Now, he just has memories. But these moments are magic. She was a mage, and he is still bewitched.

…

Mike slips out from under the fort and gingerly places the walkie-talkie back in its spot. El might not be here anymore, but at least he can pretend to talk with her. At least he has those treasured

memories. He shuts the door to the basement and trudges up the steps. As he forces each foot forward, he does not hear the static of the walkie-talkie as it forms into a husky, female voice calling his name.